DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 329 658 CE 057 025

TITLE	Different Worlds: Same Secret.
INSTITUTION	Springfield City Library, MA.
SPONS AGENCY	Massachusetts Foundation for Humanities and Public Policy.
PUB DATE	90
NOTE	74p.
PUB TYPE	Creative Works (Literature,Drama,Fine Arts) (030) -- Collected Works - General (020)
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC03 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	Adult Basic Education; Books; Cultural Differences; Educational Background; Ethnic Groups; *Intercultural Communication; *Multicultural Education; *Personal Narratives; *Poetry; *Reading Materials

ABSTRACT

The "Brightwood New Authors Project" brought together a group of ten adults from many different ethnic and educational backgrounds to share in the experience of writing and publishing a book. The prose and poetry that resulted from weekly writing workshops featured guest humanities scholars and teachers. Titles include "I Remember When I Met..."; "Soap Box Day"; "Oh, Missing Cupcake"; "Michko"; "My Parents in the New Land"; "Jamaican General Election--1980"; "I Remember"; "The Day J.F.K. Was Shot"; "A Newsboy's Feelings on the Newspaper Strike, 1944"; "Self-Esteem"; "The Accident"; "My First Pair of Tennis Shoes"; "My First Movie"; "Hard Work"; "Honor Thy Mother"; "Nightmares of Falling"; "Sneakers"; "The Green Bottle with the Special Cap"; "The Beginning of a New Life in America"; "Many Kinds of Love"; "Dear Family and Friends"; "Remembering a Shooting"; "97 Hours of Hell"; "Where Were You When..."; and "Letter to Three Teachers." Profiles of eight writers are provided. (YLB)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

ED329658

DIFFERENT WORLDS: *Same Secret*

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Office of Educational Research and Improvement
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)

☒ This document has been reproduced as received from the person or organization originating it.

☐ Minor changes have been made to improve reproduction quality.

• Points of view or opinions stated in this document do not necessarily represent official OERI position or policy.

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY

S Quezada

TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)."

CG017025

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

The front cover pattern was borrowed from the Designer's Guide to Japanese Patterns, published by Chronicle Books, 1984.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Different Worlds: Same Secret has been made possible by the generosity of the Massachusetts Foundation for Humanities & Public Policy through their support of the Brightwood New Authors Project at the Read/Write/Now Adult Learning Center at the Brightwood Branch of the Springfield City Library.

The Brightwood New Authors Project brought together a group of adults from many different ethnic and educational backgrounds to share in the experience of writing and publishing a book. Writing workshops were held weekly and guest humanities scholars and teachers were an integral part of the project. Each had his/her own special impact on the writing development of individual authors and on the overall project. The Brightwood New Authors Project staff and participants would like to thank Ted Belsky, Director of American International College's Oral History Center, Jeffrey Katz, recipient of the 1989 Massachusetts Artists Foundation Poetry Fellowship, Teresa Pfeifer, Enid Welch, Diane Mercier, Evelyn Fitzpatrick, Pat Schneider, and Mary Clare Powell of the Chicopee Writing Workshop, and Mary Jo Salter, poet, teacher and winner of the Lamont Prize for Poetry. We would also like to thank Molly Fogarty, Branch Supervisor of the Brightwood Branch Library, for her support and enthusiasm for the project from start to finish. Special thanks go to Marie Cora and Martha Gray, tireless and creative teachers for the workshops.

Grateful acknowledgement goes also to Peri Chapman, artist and illustrator, whose drawings have complemented and enhanced the quality of the stories and poems in the book and Becky Castro, book designer, whose work has given *Different Worlds: Same Secret* the look and style it deserves.

As writers, participants in The Brightwood New Authors Project generously and courageously shared parts of their lives and experience with each other, the staff and visiting presenters. *Different Worlds: Same Secret* is the result of that sharing. I am grateful to the authors of this book for their trust and enthusiasm, and for teaching me something new about teaching writing every day.

Janet Lee Kelly, Project Director

DIFFERENT WORLDS: *Same Secret*

CONTENTS

CRAIG N. DICKINSON
I Remember When I Met... 1
Soap Box Day 2
Oh, Missing Cupcake 4

CHIYO GLADDEN
Michko 5
My Parents in the New Land 8

PAULETTE HINES
Jamaican General Election - 1980 11
I Remember 12

JIM KELLY
The Day J.F.K. Was Shot 14
A Newsboy's Feelings on the Newspaper Strike, 1944 16
Self-Esteem 18

JAMES MAYE
The Accident 20
My First Pair of Tennis Shoes 22
My First Movie 24
Hard Work 24

PEDRO NIEVES
Honor Thy Mother 25
Nightmares of Falling 31
Sneakers 32

LIDIA NUBILE
The Green Bottle with the Special Cap 33
The Beginning of a New Life in America 34

SOFIA SERGENTANIS
Many Kinds of Love 46

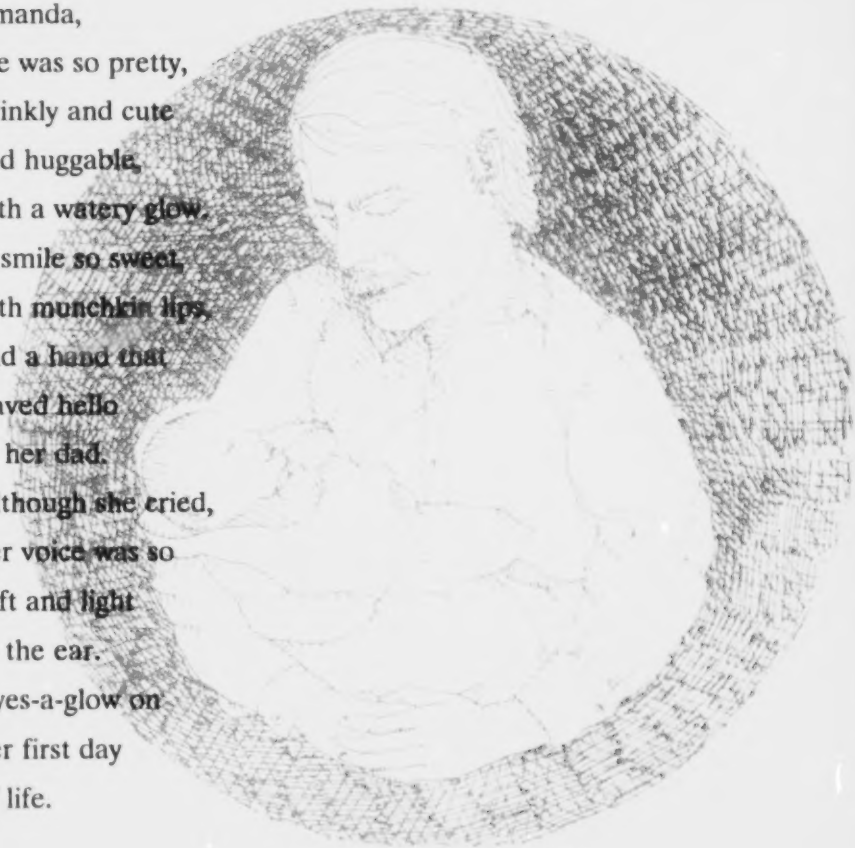
ANONYMOUS
Dear Family and Friends 50
Remembering a Shooting 51

STEVE VAUGHN
97 Hours of Hell 53
Where Were You When... 61
Letter to Three Teachers 64

WRITER'S PROFILES 67

I REMEMBER WHEN I MET...

.....Craig N. Dickinson



Amanda,
she was so pretty,
wrinkly and cute
and huggable,
with a watery glow.
A smile so sweet,
with munchkin lips,
and a hand that
waved hello
to her dad.
Although she cried,
her voice was so
soft and light
to the ear.
Eyes-a-glow on
her first day
of life.

SOAP BOX DAY

.....Craig N. Dickinson

I remember back when I was a boy of ten going to my friend's house to play. Ronnie was the same age as me. He was working on a soap box car. I started helping him with it.

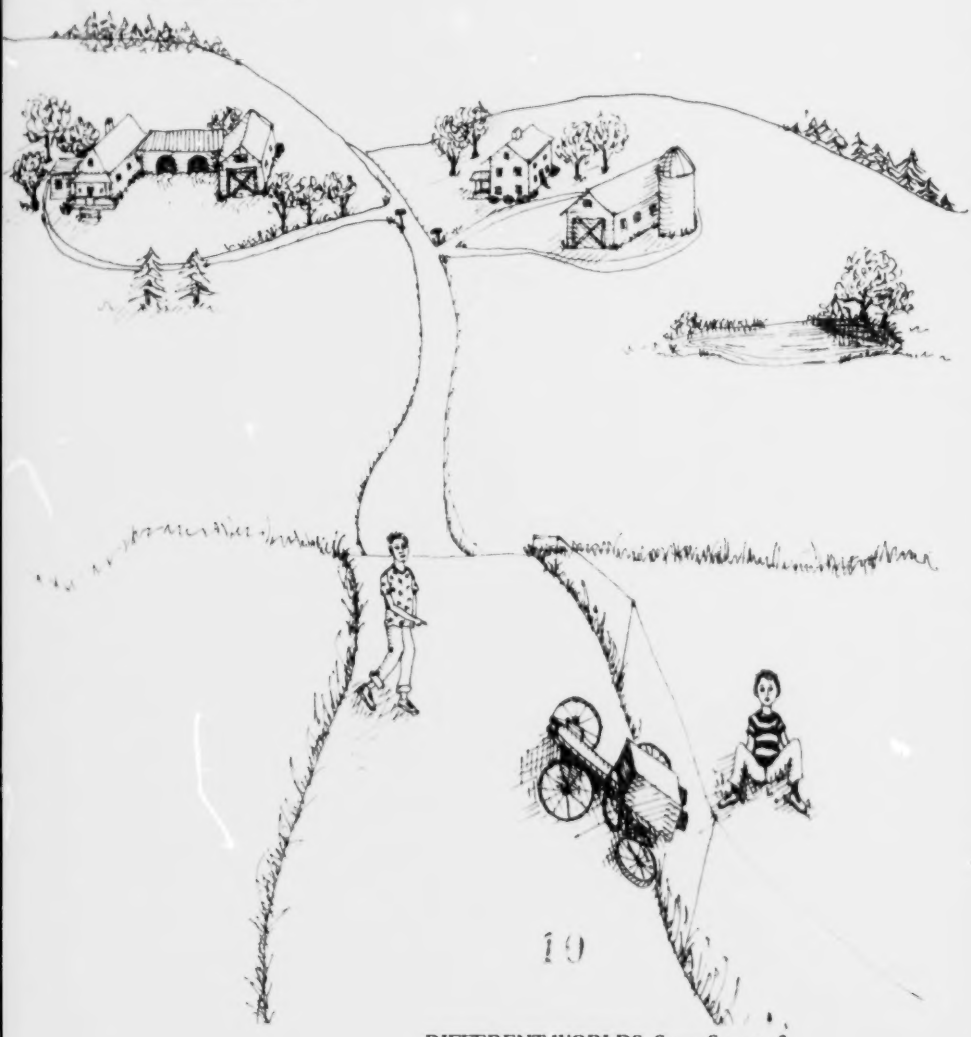
Living on a farm left little time for play for Ronnie. There was always some work to be done. So, two or more weekends passed before the car was finished.

I was wondering why he was working on the car at his grandfather's instead of his place. I found out later. His mom would have killed him for talking time out from doing his chores. His grandfather's was across the street and we had to go back and forth for the tools. Well, one day the car was painted and ready to go.

This car was painted white with red and blue numbers, two coffee cans for head lights, two beer cans painted red for stop lights, and a rope to steer it with. So Ronnie sat in the driver's seat and I pushed it out of the garage and jumped on as we were turning left and flying down the driveway at what seemed like thirty miles per hour. God, I wanted off but if Ronnie could do it, so could I.

The main road was coming up across our path. Then Ronnie turned right on the main road. No cars were coming, I hoped. Down the bigger hill we went, faster and faster; so fast that the soap box would no longer hold the road. "Stop the car, Ronnie! We're going to crash!" Ronnie said, "I can't. No brakes." We shot across the road and into the ditch. Just before we hit, I jumped off because I was afraid and Ronnie was not.

The car came to a sudden stop, but Ronnie kept on going through the electric cow fence and landed in a few cow chips. We laughed for a long time before we tried it again. But we could not keep the wheels on. So we went in the corral to try and see if we could ride some of the heifers instead. Yes, you're right...I kept being thrown off.



OH MISSING CUPCAKE

.....Craig N. Dickinson

Oh cupcake, you are born out of white powder
sifted and blended with others
to become fine, then baked to
a golden brown for taste.
Filled with white whipped cream
to sweeten the bite.
Covered with dark rich
chocolate frosting
with white swirls on top.
Wet my lips, close my eyes,
take a bite.
Now all there is left
are my fingers to lick.

MICHKO

.....Chiyo Gladden

In 1974 I found out my girlfriend had a hemorrhage in her head. She was in her early forties and she had three children, 6, 8, and 12. She was a waitress and worked hard. She had to work all different hours. One day a week she had a day off. We used to cook special food for ourselves and we enjoyed it very much. I still remember one day she met a man at the restaurant she was working at. He was very nice to her. Things changed very fast. Her house was cleaner, her children looked cleaner. I could see things start to get better.

One day suddenly she got sick. She was rushed to the hospital. She had to have an operation right away. A week later I went to visit her. She was so happy to see me, we hugged each other and cried out. She told me she wasn't going to make it, but she was very lucky and about a month later she came home. About seven months after that she went back to work. She worked for about one year. She got sick again and she was rushed to the hospital. She was in a coma about four months.

In the meantime her boyfriend was taking care of her three children. From time to time he came to my house, asked me to call her family in Japan. I explained to her family. All the time they cried a lot. For a long time I didn't know what to say.

One day her boyfriend came by my house early in the morning. He asked me to come with him. We went to the hospital. We walked the long hall. Finally we got to the intensive care room. He told me, "Don't come in the room," before I asked him anything. He told me it

was better not to see her again. He didn't give me a chance. He said to me "Chiyo, you will never recognize she is Michko." He pushed my shoulders very lightly. We looked at each other for a few minutes and he went in the room to see her.

A few minutes later he came out. He didn't say anything on the way to his car. It took about five minutes to get to his car. We were silent and he drove me home. He went home. Early next morning he called me. "Chiyo, Michko is dead." Suddenly I got goose bumps. He said something, I didn't hear anything. I hung up the phone. A few minutes later he came to my house and asked me to call Japan to explain to her family so they knew she was dead. Her sister started to cry. All the time on the phone he stayed very close to me. Finally I said goodbye to her family.

That was a long time ago. Sometimes I wonder what happened to her three children. I think about them sometimes.

MY PARENTS IN THE NEW LAND

.....Chiyo Gladden

This story is from my memories of my parents and their new land. My parents were born in Hokkaido, Japan. My father was 26, my mother was 16 -- they married very young. Right after they were married, my father and 95 other young men were to go to a new land called Kitachishma. Kitachishma was a beautiful place. It had four seasons, clean air, clean water, lots of green grass, tall green trees. On a clear day, you stood by the ocean and you could see Russia on the other side of the ocean. There were lots of houses. Sometimes smoke came from the houses. They wanted to have a new life in the new land. They were all young men that went there to build their own houses. After building the houses they came back to Hokkaido to get their families. Some men already had children. Some had grandparents. My mother had eight children, five boys and three girls. All the kids were two years apart except the last ones were twins, a boy and a girl. My parents were very strict. When all of the kids reached age six my parents trained us for all kinds of work. I'm third from the top and the first girl. All of us had our own responsibilities.

Winter was hard on Kitachisma. Cold, thick ice on the ocean. You could walk on top of the ice and you could cross to go to the other side of that ocean. In spring you had to get ready for all kinds of vegetables. Right after that you had to get ready for salmon season. For the salmon you had a lot to do. First you had to make a huge screen cage and put it into the river. When the salmon hatch eggs they're all going to die, all in the same place. So my father and his helper caught all the

salmon with a huge net. After that the salmon are brought to a special place for cleaning. After cleaning they put salt into the salmon's stomachs. They put them into wooden boxes. Then they put them into a refrigerator room. In the fall a huge refrigerator ship came from Hokkaido to take the boxes of salmon back to Hokkaido to sell.

In the meantime my family had to take care of the farm too. But none of us children ever missed school. Sometimes when I came home from school I couldn't find my mother in the house so I went straight to the ocean. There was my mother working like a man. I used to think parents were not supposed to sleep. One time my mother dropped a pan or dish. That noise woke me up. I don't know what time it was but I remember it was dark outside. I couldn't sleep so I got up and helped my mother. People live on the land doing the same work year after year, fishing and farming. Everyone had to work hard. That way people had a lot of food and money.

In World War II my father went to war at Okinawa, Eyoshma and Saipan. I don't remember how long my father was in the war. He came home because he was hurt badly in his feet. At the same time he had malaria. He had a high fever. I thought my father was going to die. During the fever he said something over and over. I didn't quite understand what he said at first. His high fever shook his whole body. As soon as my mother came home from the ocean ready to cook supper I told my mother about what he was trying to say. My mother understood right away.

My father's wounds took a long time to get better. From the time my father went to war to when he got better, the whole family had a rough time, especially

my mother. I can't imagine what she went through. After the war people on the land had to evacuate right away. The Russians were occupying the land. All people on the land went back to Hokkaido.

After we came back to Hokkaido my family had a hard time for a while. My sister bought a house for my parents. My mother didn't enjoy the house that long. A little while after she died. She was forty-five years old. Twenty-seven years later my father passed away. The last time I saw my parents I was twenty-three years old. Many years have passed. I realized that my parents gave me things money can't buy. I'm very grateful to my parents from the bottom of my heart. They're forever in my heart and they were great teachers.

I wish just once more I could talk to both of you.

JAMAICAN GENERAL ELECTION, 1980

.....Paulette Hines

I remember back in Jamaica in 1980. Things were so hard. There were no goods in the shops. A lot of people lost their life that year. It was the year of the general election. We were living in a state of emergency. There was a lot of killing and violence between the two political parties. No one was allowed on the street after 6:00 P.M. It was a hard election. Some people were scared to go out and vote. People cried all day long on election day. We prayed for the day to be over with. But the next day was the same thing. All day long some people just sat down and cried, "Oh Lord, please help us." I can remember one lady took all of her children and said, "I want to die with all my children." There was no light in the community center at night because of all the shooting. It was like living in a city and praying for no night to come. Me, I was so scared for my life. My mother told us, "We need to kneel down and pray." As long as I live I will always remember the general election.

I REMEMBER

.....Paulette Hines

I remember my first day going to school in Jamaica. The name of my school was Calabar All-Age School. I was only four years old. I was so happy. I went with my two brothers. I remember going on a Monday, September 7th. I remember we wore white blouses, navy blue skirts, green ties, navy blue socks, and black shoes. The boys wore khaki pants, khaki shirts, navy blue socks, and black shoes. If the school gave you free khaki, everyone knew because the color was brighter and the cloth was rougher. Kids would make fun of you because your mother couldn't afford to buy you a uniform.

I remember we used to sing this song, "Ten Green Bottles Standing On A Wall". The teacher, Miss Hill, was always hugging the kids. I think all the kids loved her. On the first day of school when kids were upset she sang to them and we played a lot of games. A lot of the kids were crying, but me, I was happy because it was my first day going to school.

Pp Qq Rr
Ss Tt Uu Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz
Welcome
Students

THE DAY J.F.K. GOT SHOT

.....Jim Kelly

It was a date late in November 1963. The day was cool but nice. I was painting crosswalk lines on Pine and Central Streets. Everything was fine and peaceful. Then the news came over the truck two-way radio. President Kennedy got shot in Dallas, Texas. I could not believe it. I thought the man on the two-way radio was fooling around. But he repeated what he said, that J.F.K. got shot. I still didn't want to believe what he was saying. This is the 1960's, people don't shoot the President! Then I thought, maybe he wasn't shot bad. Then I heard that he was in serious condition in the hospital.

Later, at home on T.V., they said he had died. I was hoping he would live but he did not. I was very upset. I felt a lump in my throat. I found it very hard to swallow. Because I felt closer to J.F.K. than to other Presidents. I met and shook hands with him at the American Legion on Liberty Street in Springfield, Massachusetts. He was also from Massachusetts, a native son, and the first Roman Catholic President of the United States. And he was also a fellow Irishman. J.F.K. was the youngest President to go into office at 45 years old. He had a young family and I felt he was sensitive to the feelings and issues of young people.

I had just gotten married in August of 1963, a couple of months before J.F.K. got shot. My wife Terry and I were just starting our lives together. We thought we would like to have some children. I felt for their safety living in a place, any place in the world. But in *this* place, the U.S. of A., if the President of the U.S. could get shot and even get killed, how safe was the average person? How safe would our children be?

I was with the paint crew, but I felt alone that day.

A NEWSBOY'S FEELINGS ON THE NEWSPAPER STRIKE, 1944

.....Jim Kelly, "Newsboy"

I had a resentment toward the Springfield Newspapers since I was a newsboy. When I was about 10 years old, I delivered the Morning Union to 50 customers. Plus two days a week, I delivered the Springfield Shopping News. They were the size of a regular newspaper and there were 400 papers. I also delivered the Sunday newspaper to 30 customers. We were on welfare and I was trying to help my mother by doing all the paper routes. I would give her the money that was ours, plus tips. I also worked in a local theater Saturday afternoons unpacking dishes. On different days of the week, dishes were given as gifts, one dish to each adult when they bought a theater ticket. The goal was to get a full set at the end.

I was doing well until the newspaper went on strike. I lost all my Morning Union customers and half of my evening customers because of support of the strike. The paper cost 18 cents a week. People would give 20 or 25 cents. So I was losing a lot of money between the sale of the paper and the tips. But because the price went up, I also lost most of my tips. When the strike was over I still didn't get back a lot of the customers and the paper was twice as heavy, actually they were heavier than me! I got so tired and angry with the newspapers. I always wanted to tell some big shot at the newspaper how the Springfield newspaper hurt me, my family and my newsboy business. Until now, 1990, it bothered me. I feel better now.

SELF- ESTEEM

.....Jim Kelly

When I was a little boy I came from a dysfunctional family. I was not treated very nice. I could not do anything right. So I had very low self-esteem and stayed by myself and did not want to be in the way. I hid a lot. I isolated myself and did not want to live. That was then. Now I am working to change that to have a good self-esteem. I feel good about myself. So to start with, I needed to open up, learn to trust, and get honest with myself. So I went for help. It was not that easy but in time, one day at a time, I started to respond. I had professional help and a lot of self help, from A.A., N.A., A.C.O.A. and Co-Dependent groups. I had inpatient care in a lot of mental health hospitals and out-patient care ongoing. The hospital's prognosis for me was "unable to respond to medical help." The City of Springfield's medical people, three doctors, retired me as "totally and permanently disabled."

So after being discharged from the V.A. Hospital, I went to Mass. Rehab. for 13 weeks to learn to be an assembler and I got a job at Digital from the school in 1973. While working at the plant I was feeling a lot of pressure and I tried to find someone to talk to who could help me with my feelings. I found someone who needed help, so I helped him. And I started to help more people in need of help, both men and women. By helping these people, in 1974 the E.A.P. was born. On April 24th, 1974 the Employee Assistance Program (E.A.P.) in the Westfield, MA Digital plant started and I made my own job. That program is now a world-wide benefit for all Digital employees and their families. So I now can help people who are hurting like I was.

That's great but now I am having some difficulties with reports, so I again had to go for help to continue to help the people in the company and their families. I have mixed feelings about starting school. I want to, but I am nervous, scared, and happy at the same time. I want to succeed if I can. I will try; it may make my life happier. I know it will.

THE ACCIDENT

.....James Maye

I would like to tell about an accident my brother Felix Jr. and my father and I had in May 1960. We were in a bad accident. My father Felix Sr. was paralyzed on his right side and his right eye was crossed and the doctor gave him up to die not once but twice. By the help of the good Lord he pulled through.

The reason my brother, myself and my father will never forget...It was in May, what they call Play Day. All the schools get together. They have ball games, marching, all different kinds of bands and track running. My father was going to work and he thought his ride had left. My brother and I, we picked him up to take him to work. That's when the accident happened.

The reason we left early that morning was to go get a haircut. After the haircut, on our way back, my father was standing at the mailbox where he usually caught his ride so we started taking our father to work.

I was sitting in the middle when the accident happened. We went down a steep cliff and the car went up a tree. I climbed out the windshield -- the windshield was broken. I climbed up to the top of the hill to get help to get the rest of the family out of the car. About that time, my father's ride came through. I stopped him and explained what had happened.

My right hand was hurt. After we got them out of the car we went to the hospital in Bellamy. The doctor looked at me and he sent me back home with my hand hurt. My aunt took some screens, cardboard and clay and made a mudpack and put my hand in like a splint

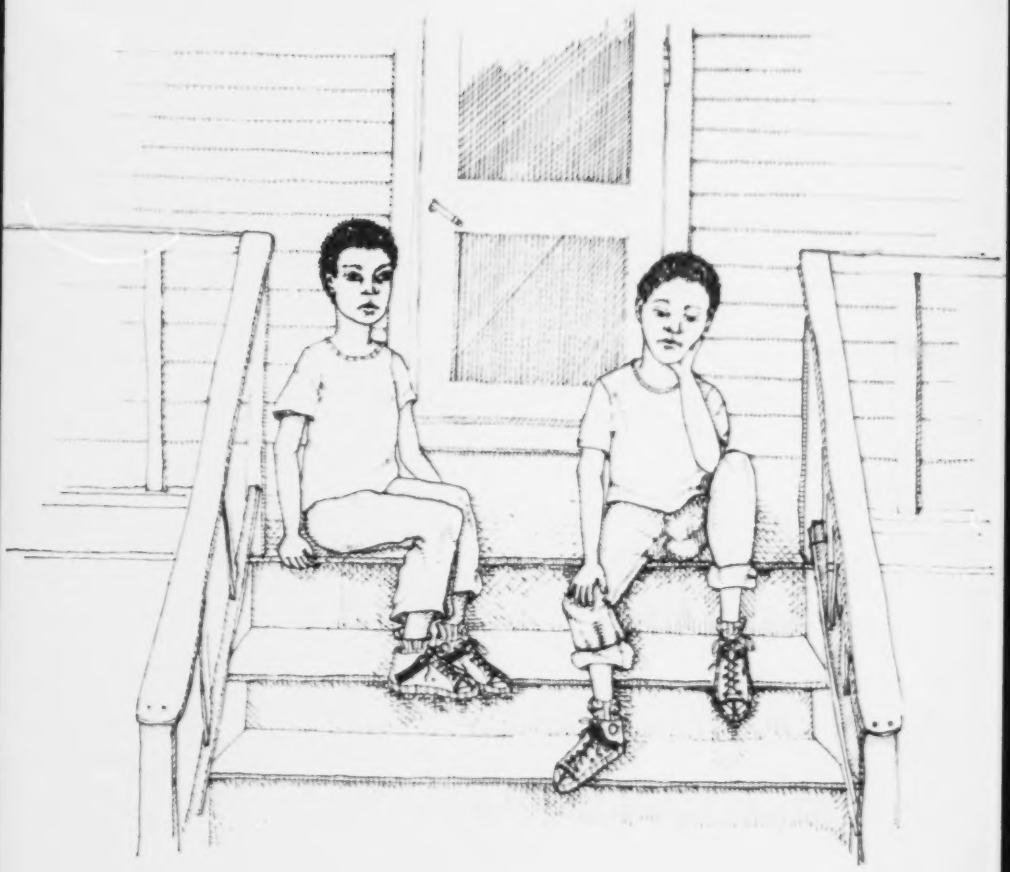
to keep my fingers from folding. My brother and my father stayed in the hospital for a long time.

They found out the reason for the accident was the guy rod which controls the steering of the car had broken. That was the cause of the accident. That day, it was a very sad day.

MY FIRST PAIR OF TENNIS SHOES

.....James Maye

I remember when I got my first pair of tennis shoes. They were black and white. I was about ten years old. I did not like them. Me and my brother, we tore them apart within two weeks time. My mother made us wear boots to school and the kids laughed at us for a long time. We got tired of the kids laughing at us. It was hot outside so we stopped wearing the boots. We started going without shoes on. When she bought some more tennis shoes we did not tear them up. They lasted a long time.



MY FIRST MOVIE

.....James Maye

I remember when I saw my first movie. I was about seven years old. They showed the movie outside of Jack Munday's grocery store. It was a western. It cost about ten cents and it lasted about two hours. We were with my aunt. We went on the wagon in the summertime. It was about five miles to where we had to go. We knew about the movie a long time before it came to the store, so we had to save our money when we worked.

HARD WORK

.....James Maye

I picked cotton. It paid a dollar and a half for a hundred pounds. That was hard work, but it was fun when there were a lot of people working in the field. Some were younger and some were older. I started work at 7:00 A.M. and worked til 12:00 P.M. and then we went to lunch til 1:00. We went back to work until 4:00 and then the owner weighed your cotton.

HONOR THY MOTHER

.....Pedro Nieves

Becky Jackson was your average 17 year old girl. She liked to talk on the phone with her friends for hours, go shopping at the mall, pick on her twelve year old brother John and talk back to her mother. Becky's mother had to go back to work at the shampoo factory since her husband died two years ago of a heart attack. She worked the first shift from 7:00 to 3:30, then she would come home, clean the house and start cooking dinner for Becky and her little brother John. Her mother was disappointed in the way Becky had turned out. Ever since her husband died, Becky had started acting disrespectful toward her. The father had been the disciplinarian around the house. Becky was making her mother's life unbearable. The torment and anguish of Becky's attitude towards her had made her face appear far older than the 37 years old she was. Maybe Becky was going through a stage. Maybe she was blaming her mother, somehow, for the fact that her father had died. Whatever it was, Becky was being too mean to her mother, practically sending her to an early grave. Then something happened that changed the family forever.

Becky was on the phone with a girlfriend talking about what she was going to wear to the mall.

"I don't know, I think I'll probably wear my blue jeans with my black turtleneck."

"You're over there picking out clothes you are going to wear and you don't even know if your mother is going to let you go?

"Don't worry. I have the old witch in control."

"Yea, right." her friend said. A beep sounds on the line.

"Hold on." Becky said. "I have another call." "Hello."

"Hi, Becky, it's your mother."

"What do you want? I'm talking on the phone with someone."

"I'm sorry, Becky," her mother pleaded. "I just called to see how you and John are doing."

"I told you I am on the phone and the brat is in his room playing Nintendo."

"Listen Becky, I have to stay and work overtime tonight so..."

"No!" Becky cut her off. "I'm going to the mall tonight. I'm not going to stay here on a Friday night and babysit the brat. That's your job."

"Becky, I can't help it. If I don't stay they will fire me."

"Damn, Mom. What, do I have to cook, too?"

"I was just going to make some stew, so go to the market and get a leg of lamb and add it to the potatoes and the other stuff I prepared. It's in the pot in the refrigerator."

"Alright." Becky said, almost yelling. "Anything else?"

"Just hurry to the market before it closes. I wouldn't want you guys not to eat anything today."

"I know the market closes early today. I'm not stupid like you. Well, I have to go."

Click, she hung up on her mother. Still cursing, she started talking with her friend again. "That was the

witch, she's making me cook and babysit so I can't go to the mall tonight."

"You are going to miss all the cute guys at the mall," her friend said, giggling.

"That's alright. I've got something special planned for the witch tonight," and she hung up.

It was 3:35 and the market closed at 4:00. So Becky headed out the door toward the market, but she would never get there. Becky would make a stop somewhere closer than the market, the cemetery. Becky lived in a small town. There was a cemetery, a market and a school. From her house she would go through the cemetery to get to the market and the school was past that. She was thinking of a way to get back at her mother when she bumped into a headstone that read: William L. Lamb, 1964-1989. Becky surprised even her own evil self. "She wants a leg of lamb. I'll give her a leg of lamb. William Lamb, that is," and she started to laugh and look around to see if anyone was looking at her.

It was 5:30 now. Becky was in the kitchen when her mother came through the front door. Her mother asked where John was. Becky answered that he was in the bathroom washing up for dinner. She also added with a devilish grin that dinner was done and she hoped that the family would like the way the stew came out. Becky served her brother first, then she served her mother and excused herself for not being able to sit and eat with them since she couldn't wait until her mother came home and had eaten before. As she left the dining room she looked back at her mother eating and thought to herself, that's what you get for messing with me.

35

That night in bed Becky had trouble sleeping. Not that she regretted what she had done, but she kept hearing noises outside. All night she tossed and turned in bed. Finally, she couldn't take it anymore and went to her window to look outside. She couldn't see anything, just that the gate to her yard was open and flapping against the fence. The wind, she thought, that's what I keep hearing. Just then she heard it again - the noise, like a moan, only louder. She jumped into her bed and pulled the covers over her head. "It can't be him," she said to herself. "He's dead. He was buried. I opened the coffin and I took his leg. I closed the coffin and buried him again. I know he is dead." She pictured a man coming at her with his arms outstretched. Then she said, "I took his leg. He can't come after me even if he wants to. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Her laughter was cut short when she heard the front door of her house blow open, followed by a scraping, clawing sound coming toward her and accompanied by the moan she had been hearing earlier, only this time she could make out what was being said. "You took my leg. Give me my leg." Over and over she kept hearing it as it got closer to her room. "You took my leg. Give me my leg." Becky was shaking and sobbing uncontrollably now. She was wondering if anyone else could hear this. "You took my leg. Give me my leg." Right outside her door now, she could see the door knob turning. She hid under the bed. The door opened. Becky lay still, her face toward the floor, not moving, not making a noise, not even breathing. She noticed she didn't hear anything anymore. No moaning. No scraping. She turned her head toward her feet to see if anything was there. Just then, a decomposing hand grabbed her leg. She followed the arm to a man's face, then to his midsection and finally to the man's lower body, only to

see he had one leg missing. She blacked out. It was probably for the best. All he wanted was his leg.

NIGHTMARES OF FALLING

.....Pedro Nieves

You know, what I can't remember about my dreams and nightmares is if I dream in color or black and white. Is there any sound in my dreams? I mean, if there is someone in front of me I know what they are saying, I just don't know if I heard them say it or if I read their mind.

I once had a nightmare that I was falling. Not a simple fall to the ground after tripping, but a long, tall, slow, never-ending fall that kept going on. It was probably a few seconds in real time but in my nightmare it was taking what seemed like hours to finish. Falling, still falling, nothing to grab onto and no bottom in sight.

Falling, still falling, I realize I'm screaming. My mouth can't open any more yet I don't hear anything. Just empty space where my body just was as I continue to fall.

Falling, still falling, I can't take it anymore. About 20 miles up I've stopped praying to God to help me.

Falling, still falling, I lunge up in my bed, catching my breath, thanking God it was over. And feeling a little dizzy.

SNEAKERS

.....Pedro Nieves

Nike, Adidas, Puma, Reebok, Trenton, Olympian, Pro Ked, Converse, and numerous other companies make them.

They have sneakers for everything: jogging, basketball, baseball, soccer, wrestling, golf, tennis. Even if you are just walking, there's a sneaker made especially for that, too.

Sneakers have their drawbacks, though. When you first get them, they're all shiny and white. You want them to stay that way forever. So you don't wear them if the weather is bad outside, but if you do wear them you make sure you don't step in any mud or anything that might get them dirty. After a while though, when they're broken in and you start wearing them with everything from jeans to a suit to shorts, they will eventually start getting torn, worn-out and dirty. But you don't care. Nothing feels quite as comfortable as your favorite pair of sneakers. So you continue to wear them long after they start to break down. It's only because of the fact that we care what other people think and say that we go to buy a new pair of sneakers, still wishing our old pair didn't look so bad.

THE GREEN BOTTLE WITH THE SPECIAL CAP

.....Lidia Nubile

The minute I saw the bottle
it brought back beautiful memories.

I remember the first time my mother
brought home a bottle of Gassoso, or soda.

I loved that bottle and the design of it.
Then she gave me the bottle and said,
"That's a special treat for you!"

That was the first time I'd tasted soda
and every time I see this kind of bottle
it brings back the taste of the soda
and the very special treat my mother gave me.

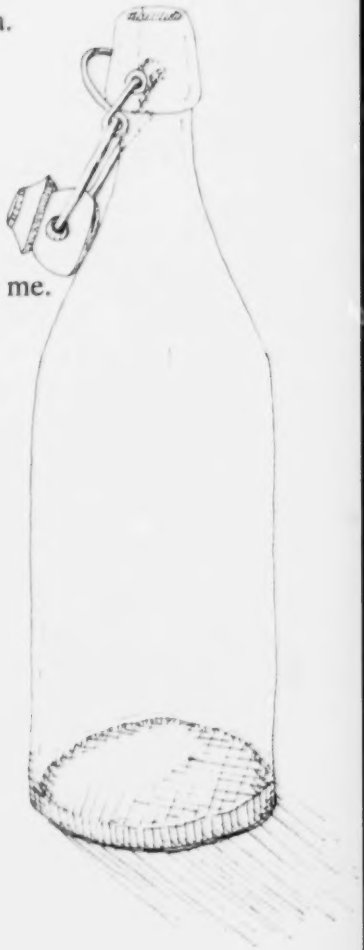
She didn't know how much that
meant to me, and how much I loved it.

My mother is dead now, and
it's been about 45 years since she
gave me that first bottle of soda.

But the beautiful memory of it
is very much alive in my mind.

I can hear the sound it made
when I opened it.
I can see the gas come out
of the bottle like smoke.

The bubbles inside the bottle and
the very special taste in my mouth,
a taste that was never to be duplicated,
never the same again.



THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE IN AMERICA

.....Lidia Nubile

I came to the United States on December 24, 1955. When I got off the boat my father and my cousin Antonietta were waiting for us at the port. Antonietta drove through New York City. The lights were all lit up. Everything looked so beautiful, I felt like I had just stepped into a paradise, with all the colors and lights. We drove through the city. My cousin explained all the buildings, and what they were. I felt like Cinderella.

We arrived at New Britain, Connecticut at my uncle's house. It was fascinating to see all the beautiful furniture they had. And to see the electricity, the running water, the gas stove, and especially the toilet in the house, because we didn't have any of those things in Italy. As for the toilet, we went outside in the woods, so all of this luxury was overwhelming for me, and my brother and sister, too.

My Aunty Mary had made a nice meal for all of us. She had the dining room all set up with her best china, and a beautiful centerpiece in the middle of the table. Her house was so clean, and it smelled so good. We all sat down and ate. She had made all kinds of fish, vegetables, linguini with anchovies, and all kinds of fruit, bread, cookies, and cakes. She had all kinds of drinks. I was fascinated with the ice cubes in my drink. I had never seen ice cubes before. When I looked in the glass, the ice cubes looked like they had prickers in them, like in a rose bush. I was afraid to take a drink. I thought they were going to prick my lips! We had so much fun experimenting with different things that night. My aunt and uncle had a great time seeing us taste

different kinds of foods and drinks, too.

Our New Home

After dinner that night my father took us to our new home. It was right across the street from Aunty Mary, 76 Derby St. It was a five room furnished apartment. My father fixed it so that my sister Conny, my sister Anna and I shared one bedroom together. My brother Joe and my brother Remond shared the other bedroom. My parents made their bedroom out of the dining room. It was a very nice apartment. That night my father showed me the pantry. There was so much food! We never had that kind of food in Italy, or that much. It was overwhelming for me.

It was fascinating to see the bananas in the pantry. I had never tasted bananas before! I always wondered what they tasted like when I saw them in the market. We could never afford to buy them in Italy. So the first thing I asked my father was, "Can I have a banana?." I took one bite. Ugh! I was so disappointed, it tasted so bitter, ugh! My father was laughing so hard, he said, "It's not ripe, that's why it tastes so bitter. It's green. Wait three days more, and then try it again." I did and I loved it. That's my favorite fruit now.

I was fifteen when I came from Italy. When I saw the teenagers, and the way they were dressed, I liked it a lot. I wanted to dress and look just like them. My Aunty Mary told me that I had to be 18 years old to go to work. I was so happy! Because all my life I wanted to go to school and have an education just like everybody else. But when I told my father what my aunt had told me, he said, "You are going to work!" I told him that you have to be 18 years old to work. He told me, "You keep on looking for a job until you find

one." I knew that my father needed money, because he was the only one working. And there were seven of us to feed and dress.

I started to look for a job. Our landlord, Enessa, helped me to look. I found a job at a slip shop, working as a floor lady. My boss, Bill Bisberg, was very good to me. I told him that I wanted to learn to speak English, to correct me when I made a mistake. He laughed because every time I opened my mouth I made a mistake; everything I said came out backwards. He got me a book called, How to Learn English in Three Months. It helped a little. Then my father brought me to night school. I went there four months, and then it closed for the summer.

That summer, August 13, 1956 was my sweet sixteen. I was so happy. I received my very first bottle of perfume, Chanel #5, from Charly, a boy next door to my aunt. I never had a party before, so all the attention I was receiving made me feel like a movie star. But that party was given for me by my aunt, and my mother was very mad because my aunt didn't invite my mother. So my mother and my aunt had their first argument. They didn't talk to one another for a couple of months, and that was very hard because I loved my mother. She was really my stepmother but I always called her mother. My own mother had died of tuberculosis when I was five, but I loved my father's second wife very much. I didn't want to upset her by going over to my aunt's. But I loved my aunt too, so I used to sneak over to my aunt's, without letting my mother know.

Everything was going so good. My sister and I started night school again in September. My sister was working, I was working, my father was working, and the three little ones were going to school. Mom was home

cooking, cleaning, and everything else. We were all so happy. Then, all of a sudden, things just went crazy.

My father came home one day, and said he quit his job in construction. One day later he got another job, but he lost his insurance benefits. Then my sister got laid off from her job. She could not collect unemployment, because she didn't work there long enough. After work one day in late September, we all ate supper. My father and my mother went to the garden, over at Aunty Mary's across the street. I was washing the dishes. All of a sudden my father came back, he was holding his head. He told me to call Enessa, our landlord, so she could call the doctor. The doctor sent an ambulance to our house. My father had an aneurism. He was so sick, and in so much pain. I was really afraid.

With all the pain my father had he kept on telling me to call his brother because he wanted to ask for his forgiveness, because they hadn't talked to one another since the day of my birthday, and now he thought he was going to die. He wanted to clear his conscience, between himself and God, and his brother. He really thought he was going to die. My poor father! He looked petrified when the ambulance arrived, but those two paramedics were so kind to him, he started to relax when they took him away.

They took my father to New Britain General Hospital, but they didn't accept him because he didn't have the insurance. Then they took him to St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, Connecticut. They accepted him there, but they told my mother that he might not make it. We were so scared to see my father hooked up and looking so sick. He looked half dead. That night I cried so hard. I talked to God and said, "Why is this happening to my father? My mother is gone! Please don't take my

father! Please God... We just started to live comfortably without a struggle. Please don't let my father die, please God." My father started to put up a struggle, to fight for his life. I knew then that God had answered my prayer.

So the next day I asked my boss if I could leave fifteen minutes early that day, so I could look for a second job. I explained the situation to him and he understood perfectly. In fact, he told me, "Don't punch your card when you leave, I'll punch it for you, so you don't lose time out." I found work where they made summer chairs. So I would work from seven to three making nightgowns, and three to eleven making summer chairs. My boss, William Bisberg, would sit at my sewing machine for 15 to 20 minutes every day working to cover the time I lost going from one shop to another. Then he would punch me out, so I wouldn't lose money.

I took that assignment upon myself, no one told me to do that. I quit night school because I made a promise to God that if He would make my father well, then I would work very hard to pay for the hospital bill, and for the family needs. The school was very important to me, but, seeing my father so sick, and no insurance to pay for the bills, school didn't seem so important. My father was the most important thing in my life. For me those days were very stressful. I remember one day going to work I was crossing the street and I didn't look where I was going. All of a sudden there was a screeching sound of a car, and a man screaming at me, "Why don't you watch when you cross the street? Are you trying to kill yourself?" The man was so mad and I was very scared.

I talked to my boss on the second shift, asked him to

give my sister a job, and he gave her the job. But a couple of days later her boyfriend Tony came over and told her that he didn't want her to work on the second shift. He said, "It's either me or the second shift job!" So she quit and left me all alone to walk at night in a very bad section of town. While she was going to school at night, I didn't give up. I used to be scared walking home, but I had made a promise to God that if he was going to make my father well I was going to work to pay the bills, and I was determined to keep my promise. I was scared that if I didn't, something was going happen to my father. Love for my father kept me going.

Eventually, my father got well, the bills got paid, and I quit the second job at night. But I never went back to night school. My sister got married to Tony and she was so happy. Seeing my sister happily married, all of my goals changed. I started to think of saving money to get married. So I asked my father, if I did piecework, could I keep the little extra money that I made? He told me to ask my mother. I did, and she said NO! I was so hurt because I still gave them my whole paycheck. I only asked for the little extra if I did extra in piecework! So I came up with a plan, or a scheme. Lent was going to start, so I told my father that I was going to church in the morning every day for lent. I left the house one hour early every day to go to church, but I didn't stay for the mass. I would go inside the church long enough to say a very short prayer and I would say to God, "I didn't lie. I did come to church. I'm here. I'm not lying!" So I justified myself that way.

My boss knew what I was doing. He felt bad for me. He thought that my father wasn't being fair, so once again Bill Bisberg sat at the sewing machine sewing to

help me out. He would sew bundles of night gowns, he would cut the tickets and give them to me, to help me to make a little extra money. Bill knew that I didn't spend the money. Every week when I got paid I would put the little extra money in the bank. Bill was so encouraging to me. He would say, "Keep up the good work." The more he said that, the more I felt like working harder. He would say, "You're a good kid, you're going to be a good wife to somebody someday. I wish I had a son your age. I would give him to you." Those are the kind of words every teenager should hear. They are very inspiring and give you the drive to do more things, to do your very best.

Dating and My Dreams

From that time on I wasn't the same anymore. My life had changed. My goal was to save money. I used to dream about the furniture I was going to have, the husband I was going to be with, the children we were going to have together, and the names I was going to name them. I wanted a big family, thirteen children. I would picture myself with an apron on, cooking big and healthy meals, with the table all set for my big family, everybody sitting all around the table talking and enjoying the meal. What a dream! Every Saturday I would go over Aunty Mary's house to clean and I would pretend that it was my house, and I would clean from top to bottom and open the windows to air the house. It would smell so fresh and clean! Everything in her kitchen was white; it looked so pure. I loved the smell of a clean house.

Boys really started to notice me. My dating wasn't the way they date today. A boy would come to my house and we would get to know one another. That way, my parents, my brother and sister would be there, and we

would never be left alone. When you are with a lot of people, you are more relaxed and you get to know the real person, with no pretenses, because when you are alone with somebody the only thing they see is what you want them to see. They will never get to see the real you.

So it seemed that every boy that came for me, I didn't find any of them appealing, until Sergio came to visit us. He was the son of the man I worked for in Italy. The minute I saw him my heart melted. Sergio was wearing a red V neck sweater and blue jeans. He had a beautiful haircut. He looked so handsome to me. We didn't know he was coming. He wanted to surprise my father, so when he knocked at the door, I opened the door and saw Sergio. I was so surprised that I was speechless. We just looked at each other for a long time. Then my mother asked who was at the door, and I snapped out of it and asked Sergio to come in. I thought my heart was going to jump out of my throat. That was in July of 1958, the beginning of a beautiful relationship.

He lived in Chicopee, Massachusetts and we lived in New Britain, Connecticut. He didn't have a car and I wasn't allowed to call him on the phone, so our courtship was by mail. Every day he would write me a letter and I would write to him. He was very romantic. He would always send me gifts. We saw very little of each other in person, but every day when I came home I would find a letter from Sergio, and every night I would write one for him. We did that for 11 months.

Then on June 27, 1959, we were married. We had a big and beautiful wedding. We went to New York City for our honeymoon.

Our first apartment was in Chicopee. I was working at Chicopee Undergarments and Sergio was working at National Blank Book in Holyoke. We were so happy. Our little apartment was so nice. We worked and saved the money to buy a house.

We didn't go out to a restaurant to eat, like people do today. Instead, every night I would cook a different kind of food and I would set the table according to the meal. We would pretend we were at an Italian restaurant, or a Japanese restaurant, or a French restaurant... By doing that we would create a beautiful atmosphere. We would have music, wine, and romance, all in the privacy of our home. We didn't have to pay or tip anybody. We had excellent food for very little money, and it provided us with the opportunity to do things for each other. In turn, we had good communication. We were so close. We were really like one person.

After four months our happiness increased. Our first daughter was on her way. We lived on the fourth floor and I didn't want to bring the baby up to the fourth floor. I was afraid that something was going to happen. So, after nine months of marriage, we bought our house. And on August 28, 1960, our first baby was born. It was a girl. Her name is Doriana. Eighteen months later, on February 24, 1962, our second child was born, a boy. His name is Paul. Two years after that on December 10, 1964, our third child was born, a girl. Her name is Diana. Six years after that our fourth child was born on September 20, 1970, a girl. Her name is Donna. We really were blessed. We had such a wonderful marriage and four beautiful children. We had a house, a car, and most of all, we had each other, Sergio and I.

All of the children were in school by now and all getting good grades. Sergio and I were so proud of our children. We felt so blessed and satisfied with them. They were now Doriana, age 17, Paul, 15, Diana, 11, and Donna, 7. We thought our family was complete. Our bonds were still very close. We said we have everything, we were all so happy. But something happened to make us even happier. Our fifth child was on the way. Then, on January 1, 1978, another boy! Nathaniel was born. What more could we want?

Sergio and I worked very hard. He worked days and I worked nights. I never believed in a babysitter. I believed that children need both a mother and a father to help them grow. We are the ones that brought them into this world; they were created out of our love for each other. They were our responsibility, so we took turns being there for the children.

I believe that everything good you want out of life, you've got to work hard to get it. Children are gifts from God, the best things we could ever have, so we've got to give our all and make lots of sacrifices. Lots of time you've got to forget your goals and put your children ahead of your own goals and needs. Children are like a garden. You get what you put in. If you plant and cultivate the garden, you get a good crop. If you love, nourish, teach and discipline your children, you'll get children that you are proud of, the ones that you want to be carrying on the family name - a name that we are proud of.

Marriage is the same way. We constantly have to work at it to keep it alive. We do things spontaneously for each other and don't take each other for granted. We go away alone once every six months or so. We've been married 31 years now. Our marriage wasn't made in

heaven, but right here on earth with the world full of divorces. To have success in marriage I found you've got to be two great forgivers. When Sergio hurts me, or I hurt him, we don't let the sun set without talking to each other and smoothing things over. In marriage or family there are lots of misunderstandings, but having a good listening ear and putting up with each other, the family bonds will continue to get stronger.

On December 24, 1990, it will be 35 years since I came to this country. My life has changed a great deal. I have learned so much here! To learn another language was hard without school, but I was determined to learn and I did. I wanted to learn to read and I did, and now I can write. I still make lots of mistakes, but I don't mind, because I can write letters to my family and friends and they understand my letters. I don't feel embarrassed if I make mistakes, because everybody makes mistakes. What matters is that we understand one another and help each other. America is great, but if we care for one another and learn from one another, and respect all races and nationalities, this country would be an even better place to live!

MANY KINDS OF LOVE

.....Sofia Sergentanis

I remember when I was small, I loved my parents so much. I kept saying to myself, it's impossible to love anyone else like that. The years went by so fast.

When I was sixteen to eighteen I started having different feelings. The boys liked me. I was thinking about them, about love, and being married. When I was twenty years old I was married. I started a new life and new love. We shared our fears and our dreams. We talked about the future, about having a family. We loved each other very much. But still my love for my parents was the same, if not stronger.

One year later I gave birth to my daughter, a new experience and new love. Two years after that, my son was born. I loved them with all my heart. Another different love. I poured all my energy into doing my best for my children. To protect them, to teach them to respect people, to love people. The thought that something bad might happen to them made my heart pound so hard, I thought I was going to lose my mind. Why is this love so scary? Why do I want the best for my children? Both are married and happy now, but I am constantly thinking of them.

I am going to remember for the rest of my life the moment when I held my granddaughter for the first time. She was beautiful! We were in the hospital all night waiting. My husband and I both cried, we were so happy. We were hugging and kissing the baby and my daughter.

Nine months later, we were in the hospital again and our daughter-in-law was having a baby. Everything was

54

going O.K. I was in front of the nurse's station waiting. I saw the nurse running to my daughter-in-law's room. I asked what was wrong. They said they had to use forceps to take the baby because it did not have enough oxygen. I was terrified. I prayed to God. I asked for his help. My son was running to the delivery room, with fear and tears in his eyes. I felt pain in my heart because my son was in pain.

Thank God, in ten minutes the nurses gave us the good news. It was a healthy baby boy. Everything was O.K. My son dragged himself into the waiting room. He was exhausted from the emotion. He looked so scared, like he had had a bad dream. We were hugging and kissing and crying. Still I hear in my ears, "Mom, I thought we were going to lose the baby." I embraced him and I tried to give all the support and the love that he needed at that moment. I told him we were so happy everything was O.K. "Harry, now you are having your own children, do you understand how much we love you?" Later we saw my daughter-in-law Lisa and the baby. She looked tired but happy. The baby was beautiful. He reminds me of my son.

The days go by so fast: the babies are growing too quickly. I babysit for both. When I am with them I forget everything else. My granddaughter's name is Alexandra Sofia. My grandson's name is Nicolas Manole. She is one year old and he is three months old. Many times I see them and my husband is not with me. I find myself telling him everything that happens that day. I hug him and I keep talking and talking. We feel so lucky. I think these babies brought my family closer. My husband and I are absolutely crazy, we love them so much! We want to see them, if possible, everyday.

This love again is beautiful, but different. It's different

from the love I feel for my children, my husband, my parents, my brothers and my sister. I have many friends. I love them, too. I love people. I love life.

I ask myself what is love? When does love end? Why are there so many different feelings? We love my daughter Eva so much and my daughter-in-law Lisa, and I want to thank both; because they share with us all the happiness with their new experiences of being mothers. They are giving us a new life. We are looking forward to more grandchildren. And we hope that God lets us be here for a long time to share in their happiness.

DEAR FAMILY AND FRIENDS...

.....Anonymous

I don't like it here. My feelings, I can't take this kind of life any more. I have had it. I don't know what to do about it or how to do it. I don't seem to know, do, or say the right thing. I guess I am the cause of breaking down or splitting up or whatever it is I am doing. I don't have the answers. I love you all. I don't want to hurt anyone. I don't know what to do or where to go with my feelings. I am not happy. I would like to do something. Even die. I am just hanging in. I don't want to hurt anyone. I feel stuck in whatever. I don't want to fight anyone. I just want peace.

REMEMBERING A SHOOTING

Anonymous

When two Springfield policemen were shot after stopping a car, I remember first hearing about it on T.V. I remember seeing a reporter at the scene of the crime. It was a female reporter and she was saying how there was a massive manhunt for two Hispanic males for shooting two police officers, who would later die. I was thinking to myself they would never get away because of so many people looking for them. I was sure the police had people at the bus terminal, the airport, everywhere in case they attempted to get out of the area. I remember they found one of them hiding under a porch near the place where the cops were shot. The police released the name of the man they had in custody and also the name of the man who was still at large. It was the brother of the man in custody.

The next day they surrounded a house on Plainfield Street, where they thought he was. I passed by and couldn't believe there were so many policemen, detectives, firemen and paramedics; I thought someone could go rob a bank or something and there wouldn't be any available cops to answer the alarm. They were real cautious of storming the house, knowing that inside was a man who wouldn't think twice about shooting a police officer. Finally, shots were fired and when the policemen stormed the house with tear gas, they found the man who was now being called Crazy Eddie by the media, in a closet dead, apparently a suicide. After that I remember hoping that the police wouldn't think all Hispanics were like that.

It was during the day and I had just come from playing pool over my father's house when I parked my car and

got curious about all the cop cars. When I did find out why all the cops were there I was glad that the guy didn't go across the street and enter our neighborhood church seeking sanctuary or something.

I talked to my family about the event and they had different views and concerns. My mother was concerned about the policemens' wives and families. She kept saying how bad she felt for them. My sister was more concerned about what would happen to the brother who was in custody, like if the cops would try to beat him or mistreat him and if he would be receiving adequate legal counsel, especially because the whole neighborhood was talking about the fact that Eddie was the one who pulled the trigger and killed both cops. In fact, the brother who was in custody now had gone to Eddie and tried to calm him down. He knew Eddie was angry at someone, had a gun, and had gone looking for that person.

97 HOURS OF HELL

.....Steve Vaughn

You're sitting in the locker room, players all around you laughing and joking. Your team has just won 6-5 in overtime. Your next game is Thursday night. Someone yells over to you, "What's wrong?" as you sit there with your own thoughts. "Nothing, I'm alright," you shoot back as you go back to your own thoughts. Just 97 hours to go before the last game of the season. Win or lose, this is it.

It all started in October. You played 20 games and your team finished first. You started the playoffs with a 6-0 win and lost the second game 3-2. One more loss and the season would have been over. The next game was a 2-1 win in overtime and with today's game, that makes it two in a row your team has won in overtime. You dress and go home thinking all the way, just 97 hours to go. You go to bed and toss and turn all night, just thinking about the game. As your stomach turns you look at the clock: 3:00 A.M. Only 90 hours to go.

You're up for work. Still all you can think about is the game. All day long you try to concentrate on work but all you think about is the game. All day long people have asked you, "What's wrong?" or, "Is something bothering you?" No, everything's alright. Just a little tired. Lunchtime, you just look at your food as your stomach starts to turn again. You look at the clock. 12 P.M. I think it's 73 or 72 hours to go. It's 4:30. Work's over. One day down. It's funny how you break the time down by every little thing you do. You get home and try to relax. The phone rings; it's the coach telling you the game has been changed to 8:00 P.M. Thursday, one hour earlier. Hey, that's one less hour you don't have to

sweat out. 6:00. Time for school. Finally, something to take your mind off the game. It works.

For a couple of hours all you can concentrate on is your schoolwork. 9:05. You're driving home from school. It's started all over again. All you can think about is the game. You get home around 9:15. After watching TV for a couple of hours, it's time for bed. Another night of tossing and turning. Both nights you're thinking the same things over and over. Stay up, don't go down too fast. Watch this guy, watch that guy. But most of all concentrate on the game at all times.

Tuesday morning, 7:00. It's time for work. Again you count the hours. How many now? 60 or so. Tuesday goes a lot better. You're able to keep your mind on work a little more. But every now and then you go back to thinking about the game. It just keeps popping back into your head. The day goes by fast, you're home. You go out for a while. Every time you look at a clock, you're still counting off the hours. It's 8:00. 48 hours to go. You're home now. Another night of watching TV and trying to relax. It's time for bed; tonight you sleep a lot better. Maybe it's from not sleeping the last couple of nights.

Wednesday morning. It's time for work. You get there around 8:00 A.M. 36 hours to go. For the last couple of days, you're trying not to think of the bad things that can happen. But in the last game they got a couple of real garbage goals. Now you're thinking, what in the hell are your worrying about? It's just a game. Hey, if you lose, it's not the end of the world. But that doesn't help. It just means too much to the guys who play. I don't know how the pros handle the pressure they go through.

You get through work, killing off 8 more hours. Tonight you take a hot bath to loosen up your legs. The hot water feels good and lets your body relax. It's 8:00. 24 hours to go. You plan the rest of the night. Watch a little TV and off to bed around midnight and up at 7:00 A.M. But you know it's going to be a long 24 hours. First of all you get to bed around midnight, but falling asleep is another story. You think, you tossed and turned for two nights. You get through the night with a couple hours of sleep. The alarm goes off around 6:30. You're up and out of bed. This is game day. Every time you look at a clock it's that much closer to game time. You're off to work, you arrive at 8:00. 12 hours to go. Trying to keep your mind on work is a joke. You just try to get through it. 10:00. 10 hours to go. Your legs feel like jello. 12:00. Down to 8 hours. You eat what will be your only food of the day. Your stomach is saying NO, but you have to eat something. You work a couple more hours. Time is starting to fly. 2:00. You call home to have someone wash your jersey and sweatpants. You know it's bad luck if they're not washed. 4:00. Down to 4 hours. Time for your game face. Time for you to go over everything again once more in your head. Watch your angles, control the rebounds and don't go down to soon.

5:00. Time to check on your jersey and sweatpants. NO WAY! No one can find your jersey. Not tonight! The biggest game of the year! You look all over and still can't find it. You get your hockey bag to go through it. Look what's on the bottom -- your jersey! Too late to wash it. Good thing you don't believe in jinxes. Yeah, right. 7:00. Time to go. This is it. You've been waiting all week for this. As you drive to the rink all kinds of things go through your head: how you'll react to winning or losing. You know after the game you'll go

for a couple of beers. But if you win they taste a lot better. You get to the rink. 45 minutes before game time. It's funny. Once you're in the locker room, you calm down. It must be from being around the guys. As you dress, the coach makes his one and only speech. He tells everybody how proud he is of them. He says that, "No matter what happens tonight, we've had a great season. Now let's go and have some fun."

You're up. You grab your mask and put it on. Your gloves are next and then your stick and out the door. The cold air of the rink hits you as the door opens. It's a short walk from the locker room to the ice. Finally you hit the ice. For the last 96 hours you counted down to this. As you skate around you pass the guys from the other team. You exchange "Hi" and "Good luck" (all bad, you hope, for them). It's funny how before the game everybody acts like it's just a skate around, acting like you're friends. But in a few minutes you'll be going after each other's heads. One thing I think of as I skate around; I remember reading an article on goaltenders by Ron Hextall of the Philadelphia Flyers. He said that playing is 80% mental and 20% physical. That means when you're playing bad, you couldn't stop a beach ball with the wind blowing on your back. And when there's a goal that you don't have a chance on, if you think you can, you should be able to stop it. Boy, I hope the wind's not blowing on my back tonight.

Now it's time for warmups. This is when your teammates line up and fire pucks at you. You don't always feel right in warm up, so sometimes you have to work out some of the kinks. But not tonight. You're on. Your legs feel great. Everything's moving, you're seeing the puck well. Now your team is huddled around you in front of the goal. It's something you always do before a

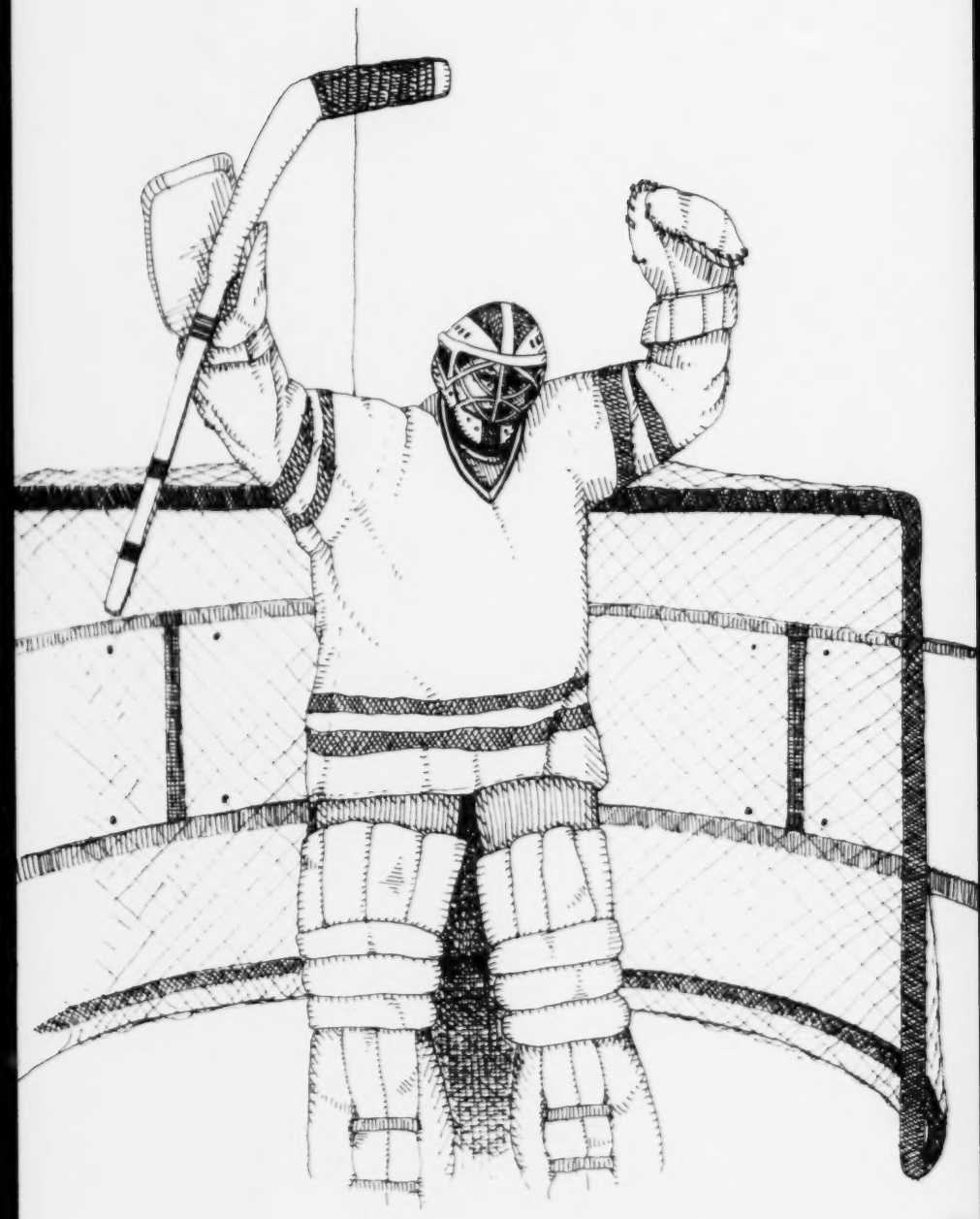
game. "Come on, Steve, be tough tonight." "Let's go, this is it guys." As the guys head for the bench one will stand and whack you on the pads.

Well, it's game time. As the referee waves to you to see if you're ready before the faceoff, you take one last large breath. You're all set. To help your team, you like to make a big save early in the first period. It's to help to calm everybody on your team down. And that's what happened in the first few minutes. The puck was behind the net when someone from the other team passed it out front to a player left uncovered. As the puck hit his stick, I moved out and slid across to make the save. That picked me up. It gets you right into the game. A couple of minutes later one of their players broke in at the right wing and let a backhand shot off from in close. I got a piece of it with my catching glove. That's two big saves. Now you're starting to get your confidence. Remember, a lot of players' goals are mental. With about 10 minutes left in the first period, someone took one shot from the right point. As he started shooting, their center men moved in front of me to screen me. For some reason, I went right to him. I never saw the puck, but I felt it hit me on the pads. As I looked down the puck rolled into the corner of the rink. When you make a save like that you know things are going your way. There was no score after the first period.

The second period started with us putting pressure on their goalie. But he came up with the bag saves. It went back and forth for about the next six minutes. Then we got a penalty and had to play the next two minutes a man short. While we were killing off that penalty, we got another penalty. Now we were two men short. In this situation all you can hope is to get a couple of

breaks. Sometimes killing off a two-man disadvantage can change the momentum of a game. They were passing the puck well, going from point to point to get one of their players free. When the left point man passed to the left winger on the side board, the right winger was wide open to the right of me. As the pass went across, he fired without stopping the puck. I slid across and kicked out my left leg and stopped him cold. That felt real good. But as I was getting up someone knocked my stick out of my hand. The puck went out to the left point man and as he fired, two players from his team were standing around me. As soon as he shot, I dropped to my knees. The puck hit me and somehow stayed between my goalie pads.

We killed off the two-man disadvantage. The rest of the period was the same as the first: back and forth without either team scoring. The third started the same, both teams having their chances but not able to score. Now it all came down to who would get the break. At 8:37 of the third period it came. Kevin, who played center on our first line, found Dave, our left winger, open in front of the net. Dave popped home the first goal of the game between the goalie's legs. Our bench went wild. Now the pressure was on. It's funny with the score 0-0 both play a little cautious because no one wants to make the mistake that costs their team the game. But at 1-0, they're going to open up and try to tie the game. And you know the next 8 minutes are going to last forever. They went all out putting pressure on us. They got a couple of real good shots, but I was able to make the save. But what was more important, I was able to control the rebound. With about three minutes left, the play was in our zone to the right of our net when one of our guys accidentally tripped one of their players. But the referee let it go and the puck



66

went out to center ice where Kevin picked it up and went down the right wing and passed at Davie breaking down the middle. The pass was broken up by the goalie, but it stayed in front of the net and Davie was able to fire the puck into the left corner of the goal. That was it. That goal took all the pressure off of us. The guys on the bench were going crazy. Now all we had to do was kill off the last 2 minutes and 30 seconds and we were the champs.

It's hard not to show your emotion. You have to keep your head in the game. A team can score two in two minutes; it's not impossible. They had one more good chance to score with about 1 minute left. But Jake, one of my defense men, blocked the shot. It's funny. After the game, Jake told me he would have stuck his face in front of the shot to stop it. And everybody thinks goalies are crazy! Now it's time to count the last few seconds, and the game's over. With my hand raised over my head, all I could see was about ten guys coming right at me. One thing I would like to point out is that I play on a great team with a great bunch of guys. They play great. I wish I could write a whole story on them. In the locker room, it was just one big celebration. You play 6 months to win this, going through all kinds of ups and downs. And winning the championship is worth it all. But as you sit in your corner with the party going on around you, you're left with your own thoughts. The last 97 hours were hell, but it's great to be able to go through it. The last thing you think of before you go back to the celebration is that it's just 6 months before it starts all over again.

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN...

.....Steve Vaughn

I remember the night two police officers were shot in the Winchester Square area of Springfield. The reason I remember it so well is because one of them was Jim Hunter, a friend of mine. Jim was the brother-in-law of a girl I was dating at the time. It was five o'clock on November 12, 1983. I was waking from my clock radio. My radio was set on WTIC 96 FM everyday because I like listening to Gary Craig and John Elliott. John Elliott was the newsman that morning and his first story was on the shooting. I remember laying in bed when the radio went off and hearing the tail end of the news broadcast. He was talking about a shooting in Springfield and that two cops were shot. I was still a little sleepy and didn't hear the first cop's name, but I caught the last name of the second one. It was Hunter. I remember thinking, "NO WAY. It's not Jim, it's someone else." By this time I was up getting dressed for work and listening to the radio the whole time.

The next news cast was at 5:30. That half hour lasted what seemed like ten years. The waiting was the bad part. All you can do is hope you didn't hear the name right. At 5:30 the newscast started with the shooting. As he started to name the two cops, I was sitting on my bed just hoping it wasn't true. But Jim was the first cop to be named. Jeff Scott was the other cop shot. Jeff was killed from a shot to his chest. Jim was taken to the hospital with a gun shot wound to the face. He was in critical condition. As soon as the newscast was over I started off to work. Jim was brought to the Baystate Medical Center Intensive Care Unit. I was working at Baystate Medical Center at that time in the Dietary

Department. I knew I would see Jim's wife Dianne and her family. I also knew I would see Carol, my old girlfriend. For the next couple of days, I would go through a lot of different feelings.

The first feelings you go through are the loss of someone you know. I've been through losing my two grandmothers and one grandfather. But that was different because all three were older people and sometimes that doesn't hit you so hard. I guess you prepare yourself for it. But Jim was a young guy who had his whole life in front of him. Jim was on a respirator for three days. The doctor knew he wasn't going to make it. Knowing that someone you know was going to die was one of the hardest things to go through. Jim died on Friday, November 15, 1983.

There are many things that you remember when something like this happens. Seeing so many cops from all over the county who attended the funeral was one thing. I'll never forget it. Another was seeing the line of people on the street as the funeral procession passed by. But the one thing I'll always remember was something that happened as the funeral procession passed by State Street. I remember looking out the window of the car I was in. There was a Puerto Rican man standing in front of the apartment building he lived in. He was standing on the last step of the apartment building. The thing that I remember most was, as the funeral procession was going by him, he took the baseball cap he was wearing and placed it over his heart. It was something special to me because at the time there was a lot of tension in Springfield because two young Puerto Rican men were involved in the shooting. I will never know why he did this and he will never know what it meant to me. But it's funny

how someone I've never known will be someone I'll always remember. I will never know what really happened on the night of the shooting. I don't think the police know. I do know that so many lives were affected that night and the day of the funeral. I especially know that my life was by a man holding a baseball cap over his heart.

Some of the names have been changed in this true story.

LETTER TO THREE TEACHERS

I know we have just a couple of classes left. So I wanted to take this time to thank you for all your help. I want you to know how much your help means to me. I don't know if we will see each other after our classes are over. If not, I hope whatever you do it will bring you happiness and good luck. I want you to know that you are more than people who help me with my reading and writing. I feel I made three new friends. So, if I don't see you after our last class, I want you to know I will always remember you every time I pick up a book or write something down on a piece of paper. I want you all to take care and I hope we see each other again.

Your friend,

Steve

WRITERS' PROFILES

CHIYO GLADDEN

I was born in Hokkaido, Japan. I came to the United States in 1960. I used to work full time sewing in factories for 24 years. I always wanted to go to English school. Before I came to the school, I couldn't read or write, just my name. Now I can read and write some. I'm very proud of myself.

PAULETTE HINES

I'm from Jamaica. Now I live in America. Going back to school was always important to me. It helps me to accomplish the things I want to do.

JIM KELLY

I was born in Springfield, Massachusetts. I am the oldest of 5 children, 3 boys and 2 girls. I am married and have 2 boys. I have many interests. I work out at a fitness center. I like working with young people and people who are or have been oppressed by others. I also usher at a playhouse in Springfield. I am a Eucharistic minister at my church. I have worked for the New York Central Railroad, the City of Springfield, and am now working for a computer company.

JAMES MAYE

He was born in Coatapa, Alabama. He now lives in Springfield, Massachusetts and works at Columbia Manufacturing in Westfield, Massachusetts.

PEDRO NIEVES

Born in Manati, Puerto Rico in 1966, Pedro Nieves continues to live amongst his people in the North End of Springfield, Massachusetts.

LIDIA NUBILE

I'm 51 years old. I've got 5 children ranging in age from 12 to 30. I am a day care provider. I love children and I love to teach them. I like to give them a good start in life. I want them to do better than I did because I didn't have the foundation for learning. I had to learn on my own. My future goals are to continue to learn to write and to keep teaching the children to read and write. My greatest goal is to continue to be a good example to my children and to teach the Bible to others.

SOFIA SERGENTANIS

Sofia grew up in a small village in Crete, Greece and came to the United States in 1959. She and her husband have raised their 2 children and now have 2 grandchildren. Sofia has published her autobiography at Read/Write/Now and hopes to continue to develop her writing in future classes.

STEVE VAUGHN

I'm 32 years old and work for a local hospital in my community. I started writing stories after attending Read/Write/Now classes. I started my classes in February of 1989. By attending these classes my confidence in myself has improved so much I was able to write a couple of stories for our book.
P.S. It's never too late to start over again.